

American Junior Red Cross NEWS



March 1950



ADVENTURE IN SHARING

"Now let's put in this toy," says David Hume to Ann Nibbs as they pack a gift box for boys and girls overseas. Along with toys they include school and health supplies, such as pencils and soap, then they mark each box plainly for a boy or a girl. David and Ann are first graders at Juniper Lane School, Falls Church, Virginia.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

VOLUME 31 MARCH 1950 NUMBER 6

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MARCH, RED CROSS MONTH

MARCH IS THE MONTH when we think about Red Cross in a special way. It is the month when the American people have a chance to share in the services of the Red Cross by giving money to carry on its work. This year the Red Cross goal is \$67,000,000.

HOW JUNIOR RED CROSS HELPS

JUNIOR RED CROSS members are not expected to ask people for contributions nor to give money themselves. That is the work of the grown-ups. There are many ways, however, by which boys and girls can help the Red Cross chapters during this busy month.

They can tell everyone they know about what the Red Cross does for people who need its help. They can do this through their speakers' bureaus, on radio programs, or by just talking with their parents and friends.

They can help the chapters by sorting fund campaign supplies, by running errands, or by arranging exhibits of Junior Red Cross work in downtown store windows.

A RED CROSS IN EVERY WINDOW

ABOVE ALL, boys and girls can be sure a Red Cross sticker is in the window at home. Everyone who passes by will know that in that house there lives a loyal Red Cross family.

SERVING AND SHARING

OUR NEWS covers this month tell some of the adventures boys and girls may have in serving and sharing in Junior Red Cross. The front cover pictures four American Junior Red Cross service activities.

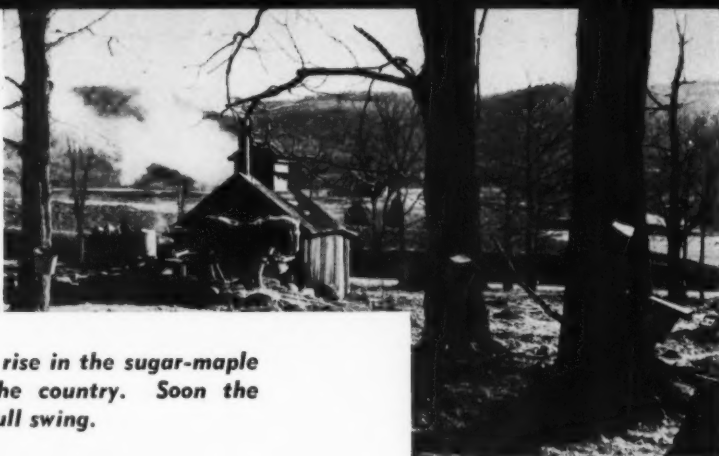
The back cover shows a copy of a Junior Red Cross poster used by our friends in Austria. You will notice that the Austrian Red Cross has different regulations from ours regarding the shape and the use of the Red Cross emblem.

—LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.

CANDY

that grows in trees!

About this time of year the sap begins to rise in the sugar-maple trees in Vermont and other parts of the country. Soon the maple sirup industry is in full swing.



▲ The sap is gathered in buckets hung on the trees, then it is taken to the sugarhouse to be boiled into sirup.



◀ The buckets of clear watery sap are emptied into a metal-lined tank, which is drawn on a sled to the sugarhouse.



▲ In a large steam vat the maple sugar is mixed with flavoring and some shortening and is set to boil.

◀ When the sirup is thick it is poured through a funnel into hard rubber candy molds to set.



PHOTOS BY GEORGE PICKOW, THREE LIONS, INC.



Maple-Sugar Surprise

GLADYS M. RELYEA

Roger thought maple-sugaring was "hick stuff"—but he changed his mind one exciting day when he had to think fast to save the sirup from ruin.

ROGER KENNEDY pulled his fur-lined cap further down over his ears as he followed Bob Martin and Fred Dawson along the snowy path toward the skating pond. It was the first Saturday in March, and Roger had left New York City for this little town in the Green Mountains only 2 weeks before.

"Why did Dad have to choose Vermont for his painting?" he grumbled under his breath. "There's nothing to do here, and only hayseeds to do it with."

Bob, who was at the head of the little procession, called back to Roger as three large black birds flapped over the bare trees. "Oh, boy! The first crows of the year! That means the sap'll soon be runnin'."

"My dad thinks it'll start before Monday if the days warm up a bit," said Fred.

"What's so wonderful about maple-sugaring, anyway?" Roger asked. "All I've heard about in this one-horse town is *maple* sirup, *maple* sugar, *maple* trees."

Bob and Fred stopped walking, turned and stared at Roger. After a moment, Fred said, "Okay, so you think we're hicks. Well, don't let us bother you. . . . Come on, Bob."

The two boys ran toward the pond and left Roger standing alone in the path. Quickly he walked back to town. What did he care if they were angry? The boys in the sixth grade in New York would laugh when he told them.

ALL THAT NIGHT the stars sparkled in the crisp air. All day Sunday the sun shone warm enough to melt the snow.

Wherever there were maple-sugar trees, people rejoiced. Cold nights and warm days mean sap-running weather in Vermont. A good run of sap means plenty of maple sirup and maple sugar to sell, and that means money for clothes and food and fun.

When Roger arrived at school on Monday morning, not even the teacher was there. "Must be some Vermont holiday," he figured as he started to go home.

Just then he saw a wagon on runners coming along the road. The breath of the horses steamed in the cold air, and the bells on their harness rang loudly.

"Come along and help us scatter buckets," one of the girls on the sled called. "No school until the sap-run is over."

"I've too much to do," Roger called

back, although he really hadn't. But as the sled went by with its load of shining buckets and laughing boys and girls, he felt a little twinge of loneliness.

"Maybe I *will* help with the scattering, whatever that is," he thought as he reached Martin's Woods on his way home and saw all the activity there.

He watched Mr. Martin as he bored holes with a brace and bit into the south side of each tree, the side where most of the branches were. As soon as the holes were blown free of sawdust, Bob fitted a silvery spout into it, tapping it firmly with a hammer.

Then Fred picked up a bucket from the ground and hung it on the hook of the spout, and laid a piece of metal shaped like a roof on top of the bucket. To keep out the snow and dirt, Roger guessed.

Then the three went on to the next tree. Roger could see other teams doing the same thing.

By now he was curious about the sugaring. Maybe it was worth seeing, after all.

He followed the wagon-runner tracks

through the woods to a little weatherbeaten shack a quarter-mile away. The shack was a saphouse or sugarhouse, he knew that much, where the sap was boiled into sirup.

A sled with a huge iron tank on top stood beside the shack. Its two horses waited patiently in the snow while the driver let sap from the tank pour down a pipe that led into the shack.

"Hello, Roger," the man said. "Come to see how we make sirup for you city folks?"

Roger saw then that the man was the teller in the bank. "Why, hello, Mr. Saunders. Is the bank closed?"

"No, but they didn't need me. Not much doing on Main Street with so many of the stores closed for the sap-runnin'. Everybody's working in the woods," Mr. Saunders explained. "Got to gather it and boil it into sirup all in 2 or 3 days."

He closed the faucet on the pipe and climbed onto the sled. "Can't let it stand or it gets sour in the buckets and bitter in the evaporator. Besides, this sap weather doesn't last long usually."

"Maybe I can help you."

Roger worked with Mr. Saunders all afternoon, emptying buckets of sap into the tank on the sled.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY URSULA KOERING

"Sure, Roger; hop on. You can empty sap buckets into the tank here. Takes 50 or more gallons of sap to make a gallon of sirup and that means a lot of lugging."

He chuckled. "Got my buckets hung after church yesterday. I'll be starting my boiling tonight, first in town."

Roger worked with Mr. Saunders all afternoon. It was hard work, but interesting, too.

By SUNDOWN, he was so tired that he thought he would never be able to move again. But, after eating dinner and telling his father all about his day, he felt fine.

"Dad, why don't we go down to Mr. Saunders' sugarhouse and watch the boiling? He's the first around here."

"I'd like to, son, but I must get these sketches off in the first mail tomorrow."

Quickly Roger dressed in his warmest clothes and went out of the house. The moon was shining on the snow so brightly that he didn't need to use his flashlight.

The windows of the sugarhouse glowed yellow as Roger drew near. Great clouds of steam rolled out all over the shack. This looked really exciting.

As he opened the door, he called Mr. Saunders, but there was no answer.

He walked through the sweet-smelling steam to the other side of the long evaporating pan which fitted on top of the long, narrow stove. Perhaps Mr. Saunders had not heard him over the roaring of the fire and the bubbling of the sap. But there was no one there.

Roger dipped a teaspoon of sap from the pan. It was thicker and sweeter than the sap he'd had from the buckets; really almost maple sirup, he thought. He put more wood on the fire. The sirup bubbled violently, rising higher in the pan.

"What if it boils over?" Roger worried. "Maybe I shouldn't have put on that wood. But if I hadn't, the fire would have gone out and the sirup would have been spoiled."

The sirup was almost even with the rim now. If only Mr. Saunders would come back! Roger opened the door of the firebox and tried to pull out some of the wood. Angrily, the flames licked at him. He slammed the door shut with his foot.

THE CHILDREN'S CHOICE

Its scarlet and yellow leaves in the fall
Make it the favorite of one and all.
Its fruit is whirling two-winged "key,"
Its shade is the pleasantest place to be.
You will like furniture made from the wood—
Light brown color, sturdy and good.
The sap is boiled for use on the table,
This tree is the well-known

—HELEN BAKER ADAMS

Maybe if he could take out some of the sirup, maybe that would keep it from going over. He looked about the little room frantically. Something shiny on the window-sill caught his eye. It was a pitcher with a little cream in the bottom of it. Probably left from Mr. Saunders' supper, Roger thought.

The sirup was at the rim! Something must be done, anything! He grabbed the pitcher and ran back to the evaporating pan with it. Quickly he dipped the pitcher, cream and all, into the frothy sirup.

He started to lift out a pitcherful. But what had happened? The sirup had fallen an inch or so, and quieted down. Roger wondered why, but at that moment he didn't care very much. He was too glad the danger was over!

He went back to the door and looked down the road. Surely, Mr. Saunders should be back by this time. But the road was empty in the moonlight.

Disappointed, Roger started to close the door. Was that someone calling? He listened. "Help . . . help!" he heard.

He ran toward the voice. Then he saw that it was Mr. Saunders and that he was crawling in the snow.

"Roger, get me back to the shack," Mr. Saunders groaned. "I've hurt my leg. The sirup'll be ruined. Then you can run to the Martins for help."

"The sirup's all right," Roger said. "All of a sudden, just as I started to dip some out in that pitcher, it stopped boiling over."

Mr. Saunders said nothing until he was settled in his chair beside the evaporating

pan. Then he looked at Roger. "How'd you know that was what the cream was there for? You, a city boy?"

Roger stared at him. "Oh, was it? . . . Say, that was luck!"

He said good-night to Mr. Saunders, delivered his message at the Martins, then went home to bed. What a day it had been!

By the time Roger woke up next morning, everyone in town had heard how he had saved the sirup and helped Mr. Saunders. Bob and Fred were waiting in the kitchen, watching Mr. Kennedy paint.

"Our fathers sent us to help you and Mr. Saunders until the sap stops," Bob said. Then he added gruffly, "You didn't do so bad last night for a city kid."

"Sure didn't," chimed in Fred. "Want to come to our sugaring-off party Thursday night?"

"I cert . . . sure do," grinned Roger.

The next 3 days passed like magic for Roger. He and Bob and Fred gathered the sap and Mr. Saunders hobbled around on crutches boiling it down.

By Thursday afternoon when the weather turned cold again and the sap stopped running, Mr. Saunders' sugarhouse was piled high with shiny gallon cans of pure maple sirup all ready to be sold.

And that was the way all of the sugarhouses in town looked.

That night, everybody was in high spirits at Bob Dawson's sugaring-off party. When Roger and his dad arrived, the sirup was already bubbling in a huge kettle in the kitchen and Mr. Dawson was sticking a long thermometer into it every minute or so.

"119 degrees," he called out. "Get the snow on your plates."

"Wow!" Roger yelled. "This is what I've been waiting for . . . jackwax."

Roger held out his plate of snow and Mr. Dawson poured the thick sirup on it. It cooled and hardened to a yellow lump.

Roger put it all into his mouth and began to chew. He tried to tell his father how good it tasted. But he couldn't get his jaws apart!

He saw everyone watching him and laughing. Harder and harder he chewed. Finally, he was able to swallow some of it and open his mouth. But his jaws were so tired all he could say was, "M . . m . . m . . m."

Mr. Saunders beckoned to him. "Bob and Fred and I have a surprise for you."

He pointed to a long bench against the wall that had dozens of dark flat molds with holes of different shapes in them—squirrels, men, maple leaves, tiny pies. Mr. Martin and Mrs. Dawson were busy filling the holes with the creamy, thick maple candy squeezed through funnels.

"Those will be the maple-sugar candies you buy in a store," said Fred. "But look at this."

On a small table Roger saw a mold in the shape of an "R." Mrs. Dawson handed him a funnel of the candy. Roger filled the "R" carefully.

"Now you can prove to those city folks that you know the whole process from sap to sugar," Mr. Saunders said.

Roger looked at Bob and Fred. "Thanks for *your* surprise, but *my* surprise is that now I know what maple-sugaring is really like, I LIKE IT."

Roger held out his plate of snow for Mr. Dawson to pour the sirup on it.





Story by ROSE LEION

Illustration by Irvin Alleman

LITTLE JOE

When Little Joe went searching for honey in the Florida swamp, he found a grand surprise for his mother, too!

DRUM, DRUM, DRUM," bellowed the alligators wallowing in the black pools of Okefenokee Swamp down in Florida.

"Q-r-eer, q-r-eer," called the sandhill cranes across the pine trees.

"Hoo-ho-ho-hoo-oo-oo-oo?" called the great horned owl as he flew home to his nest.

Little Joe Freeman stretched lazily on his bunk and slowly opened his eyes. He took a deep breath, and the mouth-watering odor of hoecakes baking in the ashes tickled his tongue.

Up jumped Little Joe and pulled on his blue jeans. He skipped into the kitchen.

"Good morning," smiled his mother.

"Good morning, Mother," said Little Joe, "where is daddy?"

"Your daddy has gone hunting for some wild turkey for dinner," she replied. "Come get your breakfast. I want to finish preserving these huckleberries."

"My, those hot huckleberries smell good!" Little Joe sniffed and sniffed, until his mother laughed, "Go along and eat your hoecakes!"

Little Joe looked at the hoecakes browning in the ashes. Then he looked in the honey-pot on the table.

"All the long-sweetening is gone!" He frowned with disappointment.

"There's some sugar-cane sirup on the shelf," said his mother.

"I don't want short-sweetening with my hoecakes," pouted Little Joe. "I want *long-sweetening*!"

"Then I reckon you'll have to go get it yourself!" smiled his mother.

"All right, I will!" said Little Joe. He took his broad-brimmed hat off the low peg and jammed it on his head. He stuffed his daddy's old thick gloves in his pocket. Then he tied a piece of netting around his neck like a scarf.

"Mind you don't go too far into Okefenokee Swamp," warned his mother.

"Yes, ma'am," said Little Joe. He took the honey-pot off the table, and ran down the path to his little dugout canoe.

He paddled gently across the smooth Suwannee River until he reached the mossy bank. A kingfisher was standing on a stump, turning his head this way and that, looking for his breakfast. In he dived, and came up quickly with a fish in his mouth. Little Joe paddled softly so as not to disturb the kingfisher.

Carefully, Little Joe tied the canoe to a mangrove root. He stepped upon the soft, damp earth and looked around.

"Now for a wild bee tree!" thought Little Joe. He looked hard. First he saw two bright eyes peering at him through the dark green thicket.

"What is that?" thought Little Joe. The thicket parted, and there stood a little deer, pawing the ground gently with a creamy hoof.

Little Joe held out his hand. "Hello," he said softly, but the deer had disappeared. And there beyond the thicket was a great live oak tree with some bees buzzing around it!

"I've found one, I've found one!" shouted Little Joe. His voice was so loud, a great bird in the top of the live oak flapped his wings in disgust and flew away.

"Excuse me," said Little Joe, "I didn't mean to disturb you, Mr. Turkey Buzzard!"

Little Joe slipped on his daddy's old thick gloves and covered his face with the netting. Then he stepped carefully over to the wild bee tree. The bees buzzed and buzzed around him, but Little Joe was very quiet so they didn't bother him.

"Oh, my," said Little Joe, "I forgot my little ax and the honey-pot!" So he had to go all the way back to his canoe!

Just as he bent down to get his little ax, he heard a strange noise that sounded like "Hoo-eek, hoo-eek, hoo-eek!" And there were some ducks gliding by in a nice, neat row! "Hello, little ducks," laughed Little Joe.

With his ax, Little Joe chopped a hole in the bee tree, and out spilled the honey into the honey-pot.

"That's enough! That's enough, thank you!" cried Little Joe. "I don't want all the honey, I want to leave some for the bees!"

The honey went drip, drip, drip, slower and slower, until it stopped. And the honey-pot was full.

LITTLE JOE set the honey-pot carefully in his canoe. He took off the netting and his daddy's thick gloves. My, he was hungry! But he stopped to look around Okefenokee Swamp.

"Oh my, look at all the butterflies!" There in the crotch of a large live oak tree, Little Joe saw hundreds of butterflies.

"I want to see them," thought Little Joe, "but they will probably fly away before I get up close."

But the butterflies didn't fly away. They couldn't, because they weren't butterflies at all. They were hundreds of yellow orchids with pretty brown stripes, and they looked just like butterflies! And they smelled so sweet!

"I'll take some for mother," thought Little Joe. With his pocketknife, he cut a pretty bunch of orchids and took them to his canoe.

Softly, the little canoe glided up the Suwannee River until it came to Little Joe's house.

There on the windowsill, shining like purple jewels in the sunlight, were jars and jars of huckleberries. At the table sat his mother and his daddy, Fiddler Freeman.

"Hello, Little Joe!" greeted Fiddler, "what have you got there in your arms?"

"Some orchids for mother and some long-sweetening for my hoecakes!" said Little Joe. "I didn't know you would be home so soon, Daddy, or I would have brought something for you too!"

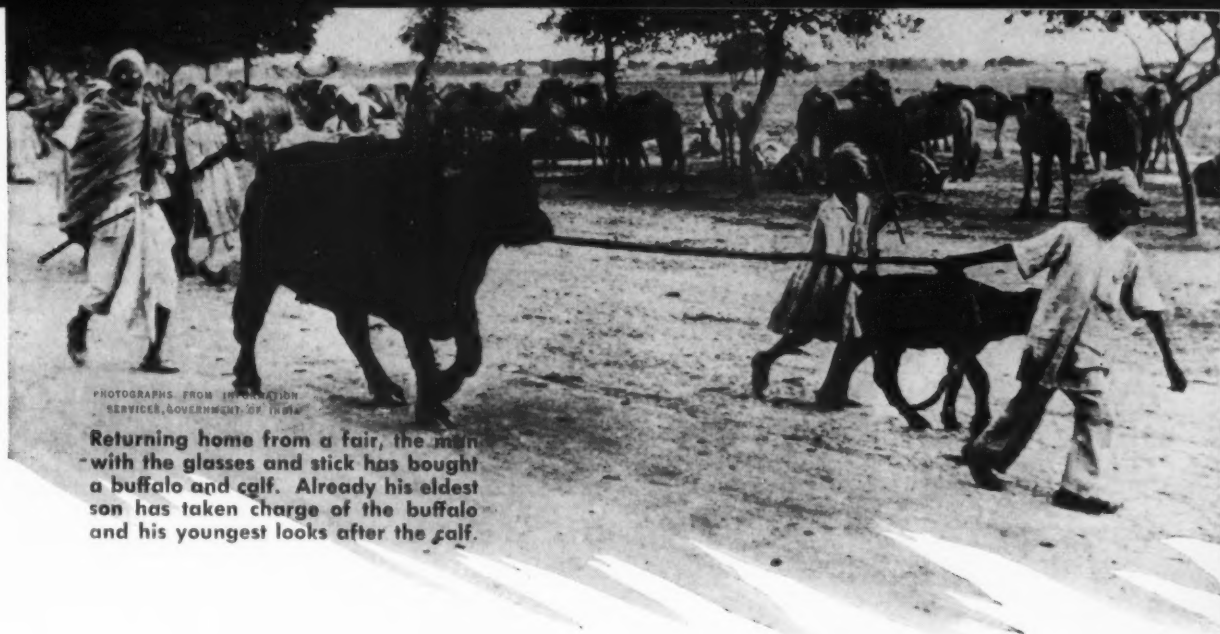
"But you did bring something for me, Little Joe!" laughed his daddy.

"I did?"

"Yes, because I'm going to have hoecakes and long-sweetening too!"

"Hurrah!" cried Little Joe.

His mother put the beautiful tiny orchids in a pretty glass bowl. "Thank you, Little Joe, for the lovely flowers," she said, giving him a big hug.



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM INFORMATION
SERVICES, GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

Returning home from a fair, the man with the glasses and stick has bought a buffalo and calf. Already his eldest son has taken charge of the buffalo and his youngest looks after the calf.

Adventure in India

ELOISE LOWNSBERY

Everywhere that Bob and Kathie traveled throughout India they saw boys and girls hard at work, helping to build the India of tomorrow.

"GOOD-BY, DADDY," Kathie cried with a catch in her voice.

"So long, Dad," shouted Bob. "We're off!" He turned jubilantly to Rama at the wheel. "Give her the gas. Boy, what an adventure!"

Incredible, he thought, that they were here in India, when just a few months ago he was at home, puzzling over Latin and helping Kathie with her arithmetic.

Then came Dad's cable from India, and they had set off to join him, Bob, Kathie, and Mums. Since Dad was chief engineer in a big Indian irrigation project, he had set up a home for them all in Delhi. And no sooner well settled with Rama and Ayah to help, than Mums must fly back home because Grandmother was so ill.

Mums had said, "But how can I leave the children?"

And Dad had said, "Let Rama have them. We'll pack them all off in the station car."

So, before taking off for America, Mums had made small beds in the back, and packed boxes of flour and raisins, chocolate, powdered eggs, and milk to stow under the seats.

"You'll learn your geography the fun-way," Dad had said, "by actually pacing off the roads, through most of the provinces of India, with trusty Rama as chauffeur and guide, and kind Ayah as cook and nurse."

"And you'll be close to people all the while," Mums said, "to mothers, fathers, and children, because here in beautiful India there is no place where families are not."

So now at last they were off. "Whoops!" cried Bob, as the car bounded along the open road to the first village, "no more school for us, Kathie. But all the kids of India seem to be let out, too."

Rama explained that 7 out of 10 children in this great land live in villages, surrounded by farms.

And though some villages have schools for the very small ones, and others for older boys, few as yet have schools for boys and girls together. For in some provinces a mother would not send her daughters to school with the boys.

"Then how can the girls learn to read storybooks and write letters to their mothers?" Kathie asked.

Rama shook his head. "Not many girls do learn. But that will not always be so. For our government at New Delhi has passed a law granting free elementary education to all its children, millions and millions of them. Only give us time."

He smiled at the two young Americans. "One day all of India will read and write; you'll see."

"Lucky kids, I say," said Bob. "No school, time to play all day long."

Again Rama shook his head. "Few over 5 or 6, except the very rich children, run wild all the day. For them life itself is a big school, and the daily work of helping father to make enough to eat is the major discipline of India's children."

BOB PUZZLED OVER that phrase and decided to see for himself. So wherever they traveled, in whatever province, he and Kathie made a game of seeing what the children were doing.

They found that, on the farms, small Krishna and Kamala must herd the cows. Or they must gather animal dung to dry for fuel, while father plants the rice and ploughs and sows wheat seed.

Then they must help to harvest the grain or jute or paddy. Or they should run after the pig that has escaped into the jungle.

Or in the bazaar they may be left for



Most of the people in the great land of India live in villages, surrounded by farms.

hours to mind the shop. For even if they do not read, they all know well how to count the coins of *pice* and *annas* and *rupees*.

Kathie found that little girls of 6 to 10 could squat all day beside the road, selling betel nut wrapped in shiny leaves. For who in India does not love to chew betel?

When their car traveled even up to Darjeeling in the Himalayas, they found children helping to pick tea leaves, the small, tender topmost leaves of the tea bush. Their slender, swift fingers could pick nearly as many as a grown-up.

"It doesn't look like hard work," Bob told Kathie, as they watched the tips flipped back into the high basket held on the back by means of a band around the forehead.



Indian children help their parents thresh rice in the fields. The daily work of helping father to make enough to eat is their chief thought.



Indian boys practice writing out-of-doors on the *takhti*, as the "wooden slate" is called. Here as in China the brush is used for writing. The children are arranged facing in two directions so they cannot copy from each other!

"But I'd not want to stand there all day in the broiling sun. I'd rather run down to the river at the foot of the mountain for a swim," he added.

KATHIE could not rest until she had seen the inside of one of the palm-thatched pointed-roofed village houses. Rama and Ayah had to stoop to enter the low doorway. For Bob and Kathie it was just right.

But once inside, Kathie could see nothing at all. "Where are the windows?" she asked, "and the furniture?"

"What need to bother with either?" asked Rama. "All that is wanted are the brass or pottery pots for cooking. Here they are. At night the mother will unroll sleeping mats on the hard earth floor."

Having blinked her eyes, Kathie could now see the mother squatting in one corner. She was blowing on low embers. Soon her charcoal fire was burning. Her low stove was no more than a foot from the floor.

"Just the right size," Kathie said admiringly. "Even I might learn to cook the rice and curry, so."

She smiled at the small Wansa, daughter of the house, in her long sari skirt and head veil. On her hip was toted her baby brother.

Indeed both Kathie and Bob agreed that

most of the children of India, boys and girls alike, were not *baby-sitters* but *baby-toters*, for nearly always a small youngster rode their hips.

"And I suppose," said Bob, "that the only time these kids are not toting babies is when they are carrying burdens."

For he saw how many boys and girls, too, were burden-bearers. Along the roads to market their car passed lines of men, women, and children. On their backs were stout reed baskets filled with tangerines or pineapples, long white radishes or yellow squashes. Mile after mile they trudged on slender legs and bare brown feet.

"Up in the Himalayas," Rama told them proudly, "boys and girls carry loads to the bazaar up mountains 7000 feet high."

Bob whistled. "Whew! That's higher than Mt. Wilson in California; higher than any peak of the Smokies."

"They like it," said Rama, "and they will make strong men."

"But don't they ever stop to play?" Bob asked, thinking of baseball in spring and football in autumn, sledding in winter, and swimming in summer.

"Of course, they play games on festival days, or at weddings. They love to hear stories, too, of Sita and Hanuman and Lord



School children learn to make baskets in an up-to-date village school in India.

Krishna. And you should hear them sing."

And he led the way to a village school which took the children to the fourth grade. The teacher sang one line, and all the children sang it after him.

"That's how they memorize and learn," Rama said. "One small head may hold a hundred songs."

WHEN RAMA took them to visit the Harijan Free School at Adyar, near Madras, both Bob and Kathie were astonished to find a familiar flag waving. The field was white, centered by a bright red cross.

"That flag," said Kathie, "is exactly like our Junior Red Cross flag in America!"

The pretty Indian girl smiled, as she dunked another mite of a child into a cement tub of water for her daily bath.

"Yes, that's right. It is your Red Cross and ours, and everyone's, too, right round the world."

"And how does it work here?" Bob wanted to know, eyeing the small urchins lined up for a bath. "What do you do besides wash?"

"The big boys clean up the schoolyard," the girl replied, pointing to a group picking up scraps. "The older girls daily inspect all the classes from the smallest up to 12 years to see that eyes, ears, nails, and hair are clean, as well as faces and hands."

"Or we help nurse with medicines for colds and malaria," a boy taller than Bob said. "Those with sore eyes we take to the clinic to prevent the bad blindness."

"And at night when school is over," the Indian girl went on, "we older ones of

Junior Red Cross bathe the wee ones in our own village river bank or tank. Or we help keep clean the well and pond."

"That's a good job, too," Bob said.

He had heard his father say that many diseases in India came from bad water, as well as plagues from flies and rats. Father had made Rama and Ayah promise to boil every drop of water for drinking.

"It does seem funny, and nice, too," Kathie told the teacher who came to speak with them, "that Rama should have brought us to visit the one school in India with a Junior Red Cross like ours at home."

"Oh, ours is but one of many schools," she answered. "For in India, too, Junior Red Cross is active."

SO THEY SPED on their journey, with every day something new.

"Now come along," said Rama one day when they were in Jaipur. "I'll show you some boys who work with their hands."

They drew up at a stucco building, a craft-factory. Here boys were working almost in the darkness at large looms, making thick woolen rugs of green or red.

Other boys were pounding brass for bowls and vases. Still others helped a master craftsman to paint liquid enamels of bright crimson, green, yellow, and blue on an incised brass bowl.

"My! They must be rich from all this work," Bob said admiringly.

Rama smiled. "Not so rich at a few cents a day. Their families need that for food. No, but these ancient crafts are handed down from father to son for hundreds of years. One day, if the boys do well, they will be allowed to work on a Hindu temple or a palace, and to fashion bowls for the Maharaja."

Bob looked at the boys, at their flying fingers and bent backs. "I see what you meant when you said that life is a school."

"How else these towers, domes, cupolas, carvings, giant archways of India's palaces and temples?" Rama asked. "For these boy apprentices are our builders and carvers of tomorrow."

Bob agreed. He could see that the India of tomorrow would always be built on the training of the boys of today.

Their turn to help . . .

Last year Moses and Malka received gift boxes in a Displaced Persons Camp in Germany. This year in the United States they had their turn to help.

BOYS AND GIRLS in the Murphy School, Nashville, Tennessee (Nashville-Davidson County Chapter) were making plans to fill gift boxes in their school.

When the empty gift boxes were put on the teacher's desk in one of the rooms in Murphy School, little Malka Penner was all excitement. She said to the teacher, "I know what those boxes are. My brother

Moses and I had boxes given us like these last year."

Then she told how they had lived in a Displaced Persons Camp in Bremen, Germany, after they had had to leave their home in Poland. Every child in the camp last year, she said, had been given a gift box from the American Junior Red Cross.

Moses and Malka now are helping to fill boxes in their new school so that other children may be as happy as they were.

Moses and Malka wrote this letter to the Red Cross:

My sister Malka and I are now in the United States. Last year when we received Junior Red Cross boxes, we were in Bremen, Germany, in a Displaced Persons Camp. We were so proud of our boxes. We still have the ball, the marbles, the pencils, and toothbrushes.

We are proud now to help fill up boxes to make other children happy as we were.

Our parents are working on our first papers. How happy we will be when we are American citizens!

We thank you,

Moses and Malka Penner.



AMERICANS NOW—In their school in Nashville, Tenn., Malka points out her name on the Junior Red Cross roll, to her brother Moses, also a member.

TURN ABOUT—Moses checks to be sure he has included a toy in the box he is packing, while Malka smiles happily as she puts in a pencil, soap, and other gifts to bring cheer to boys and girls overseas. ➤



JUNIOR RED CROSS in

"We are glad to hear again from Austrian Junior Red Cross friends," says ALICE I. THORNTON, as she quotes from albums just received.

LONG BEFORE World War II, many of our schools were familiar with the school correspondence albums from Austria, with their delightful black-and-white cut-outs and their artistic water colors. Last year this correspondence was resumed. We know that many American schools will welcome the opportunity to learn more about this picturesque country and its Junior Red Cross members.

Boxes Bring Joy

Albums already received usually begin with letters describing the distribution of our gift boxes which always seem to go straight to the hearts of children in any country.

A letter from Steyr in upper Austria is an example:

"Dear Unknown Friends — Many thanks for the nice things you have sent to us. We were astonished when one day our teacher entered the classroom with some packages—your Junior Red Cross gift boxes!

"You can't imagine our joy as we received your dear little gifts. 'Hurrah, hurrah, the parcels are here!' These shouts were meeting our teacher when she entered our classroom loaded with boxes. We can only say 'Thank you very much.' It is very nice to have dear friends overseas although they are unknown.

"Our classroom is situated on the third floor of the new part of our school. We are not the whole day in our classroom; for physics, drawing, and needlework we go into special classrooms.

"Most of all the lessons we like mathematics, English, grammar, and gymnastics.

"Steyr is a very ancient town, situated at the mouth of the Rivers Enns and Steyr. There are no skyscrapers as you have in America, but buildings that are hundreds of years old and narrow lanes.

"But we are proud of our father city, also called the 'Iron-City' because a great deal of iron ore from mountains is brought to Steyr and manufactured into steel. I think you never can imagine such an ancient town, if you have never seen one. The oldest house on the marketplace is 600 years old."

Another pupil writes: "In my gift box I got colored pencils for drawing. I was



Special classes set up by the Austrian Junior Red Cross help crippled boys and girls develop skill in using their fingers. Above, a sewing class for girls; at left, boys' woodworking class.



PHOTOS BY US INFORMATION SERVICES BRANCH

Austria

so glad about that for I am fond of drawing. The last week I painted a map with the good pencils."

A Country Wedding

These letters were all written in English which the writers say they have been studying for about 2 years. One letter describes an Austrian wedding in the country:

"Peasant weddings are the most beautiful, but also the rarest. I had the good luck to attend one. As an exception, they drove to the church in autos, for usually this blessed journey is made only in coaches. The peasants of the entire neighborhood were invited. Only the closest relatives and friends went into the church.

"After church the marriage had to be celebrated, and of course at an inn where there was a large reception room, for there were many guests.

"Everyone sat down at a long table,

while the newly married pair were ushered to the place of honor. After the feast, the guests danced the night through."

Gifts of Yarn Most Welcome

One of the most useful gifts which your National Children's Fund was able to send to the Austrian Junior Red Cross was a shipment of 2000 pounds of knitting yarn. Austrian women are famous knitters and this skill is taught in the schools.

Stockings, socks, sweaters, sunsuits, bedroom slippers, and ski pants have been knitted from this yarn by the school girls and Red Cross volunteers for children needing them most.

In the Austrian Red Cross sewing rooms children's garments are made from material sent by the American Red Cross, and the older members of the Junior Red Cross do some of the sewing.

The Austrian Junior Red Cross has arranged projects for handicapped children, especially those with crippled hands. Weaving, knitting, and woodworking help them develop skill in using their fingers.

During the cold winter months when the snow lies deep over the mountainous country there are many accidents, and so the Austrian Junior Red Cross has emphasized the need for young people to learn first aid.

As the supplies so easily obtained in our own country were lacking in Austria, the American Junior Red Cross sent the Junior Red Cross in Austria 2000 Red Cross first-aid kits for use in the schools.



This attractive window display in Linz, Upper Austria, shows some of the many activities carried on by Junior Red Cross.

"Stand tall!"—An Austrian JRC member measures a little boy for a new suit she is making for him out of materials sent by the American Red Cross.

FOTO: HEINRICH MAYR, SALZBURG



Adventures in

Serving

and

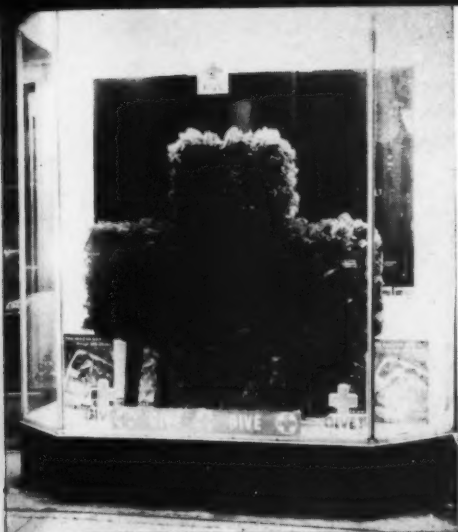


◀ "LET'S PLAY HOUSE" — Polio patients in a hospital in Allston, Mass., have fun with a dollhouse made by Junior Red Cross.

WELL-MADE AND USEFUL—JRC boys in Daytona Beach, Fla. (East Volusia Chapter) are skilled in turning out lapboards for a veterans hospital. ➤

PHOTO BY JACK JESSE, NEWS-JOURNAL CORP.





◀ **SAY IT WITH FLOWERS**—To help with the senior fund campaign in Aberdeen, Miss., JRC members made the thousands of paper poppies which form the red cross for this display.

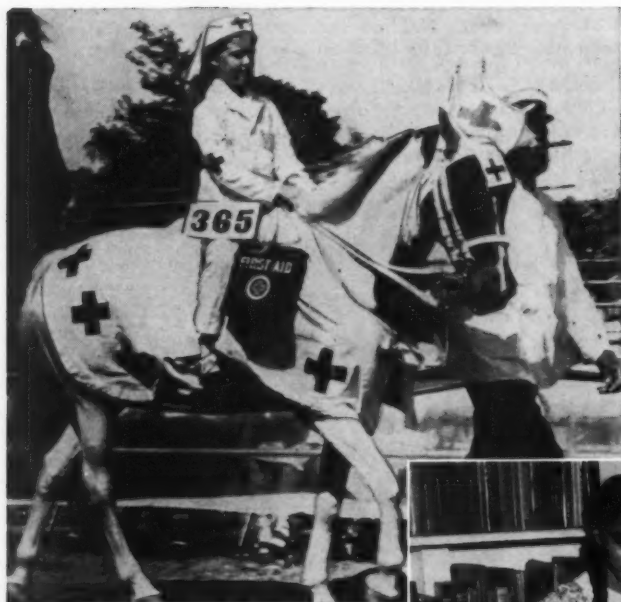
OUR FAVORITE PROJECT, say JRC members in Greenville, S. C., is doing things for the hospital at the Air Force base. Here Pat Langley presents a lap-robe to a patient, while Carol McHaffie holds flowers she is going to place in the wards. ▼

Sharing



BUSY HANDS in this JRC group in Jackson, Tenn., speed senior fund campaign materials on their way. ▼





◀ **YOU NEVER KNOW**—where Red Cross will turn up next! This time it's in a horse show at Germantown, Tenn. Estelle King wanted to represent the American Red Cross when she entered the Costume Class of the show and here is the result.

PHOTO BY NADIA PRICE

FOR CHILLY DAYS—At Manoe School, Honolulu, Hawaii, JRC members knit afghans on wooden needles made by students of Farrington High and the Honolulu Vocational Schools. The afghans will be sent to sick children overseas. ▼



ON THE BEAM—This JRC display in a store window in Muscatine, Iowa, earned the manager's comment that it caused keen interest among shoppers and passersby. ▼



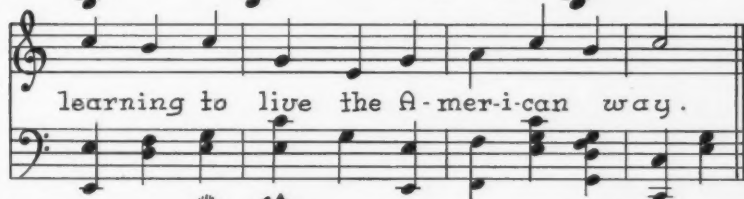
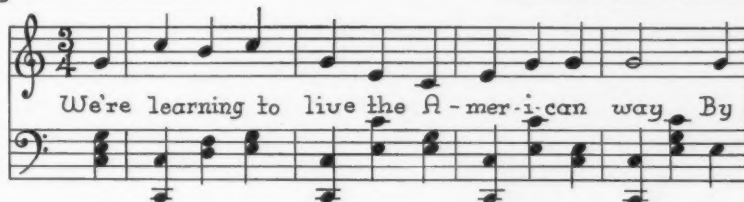
FOR ALL TO SEE—JRC members in Charlotte, N. C. (Mecklenburg County Chapter), prepared this display in a store window during the 1949 fund campaign. JRC shield in background was made by high-school art class. ▼



The [☆]AMERICAN WAY

Arranged by
Myrtle McGuckin

Words and Music by
Sema Williams Herman



ILLUSTRATED BY JO FISHER



"We made grape jelly"

The fun they had is told by Catherine Neff Cox, the Junior Red Cross chairman, Canton Chapter, in the poem she wrote:

Do you think first graders just go to school
to read and write and obey the rule?
For if you do you're surely wrong,
as we will tell you in this song.

FIRST GRADERS of Fairmount School, Canton, Ohio, had a real adventure in serving and sharing. With the help of their teacher, they first made grape jelly all by themselves. Then they wrapped each glass in gay cellophane and sent the jelly to a home for the aged.

At least that's not all that we do—
as we will now disclose to you—
When to the Red Cross we belong
as Juniors one hundred percent strong.

All set to make jelly for sending to an old folks home
are these JRC members at Fairmount School, Canton,
Ohio. ▼



We planned to help some people who
have grown so old they cannot do
The things they did, nor do they get
the things on which their tastes are set,

Like jellies, goodies. You'll agree
that young or old as you can be
You like to eat, and that is why
we thought our hand at these we'd try.

We have a teacher who is wise
as well as good (she's quite a prize).
So to our schoolroom she did bring
a hot plate, juice, and everything

To make the jelly! With what glee
each boy and girl stepped up to see
The jelly boiling and to pour
into the glasses more and more

Till each was filled (we'd washed them too),
then wrapped and tied them as they do
In fancy stores where such things sell—
but these we thought looked extra well.

We had such fun, 'twas quite a lark.
The school's name?—Oh, Fairmount Park
In Canton, Ohio, where our Chapter grows
with Junior members who are "on their toes."



▲ The story on the bulletin board, written by the first graders, reads—

We made grape jelly.
We washed and dried the jelly glasses.
We put the jelly into the glasses.
We put wax on it.
We had fun.
We wrapped each glass in green cellophane.
We sent the jelly to Aultman Home for Aged Women.

Junior Red Cross N-E-W-S

ADDS SWEETNESS

"Junior Red Cross work is to the general work of the school what the frosting is to a cake. It adds the touch of sweetness, the decorative finish to our routine work."

So states Miss Elizabeth McEvan, teacher in Sidney Central School, Sidney, N. Y. Junior Red Cross work is carried on with enthusiasm in almost all subjects taught in this school.

Outside of school there are classes in water safety. Miss McEvan writes:

"Each Saturday night the leaders of this group take a bus load of children to the YMCA pool in Oneonta, and they certainly give them the works. All children who cannot swim are being taught to do so.

"I have a little fellow in my room this year, who perhaps would not be with me, if it had not been for the training an older boy had had in life saving.

"The little chap went to the local swimming hole during the summer, misjudged his ability to swim, and went under. The older boy plunged in after him, brought him to shore, and was able to bring him back to consciousness."

THINGS TO REMEMBER

Cross the street when the light is green.
Don't be a jaywalker.
Keep matches in a safe place.
Don't hitch on a wagon or automobile.
Play in a safe place, not in the street.
This is good accident prevention.

—Bobby Perry,
Douglass-Simmons School,
Washington, D. C.

CRANBERRIES FOR THANKSGIVING

Second graders at Central Park School read the *American Junior Red Cross NEWS*. We know they do because they tried out the cranberry relish recipe which was given in the November issue.

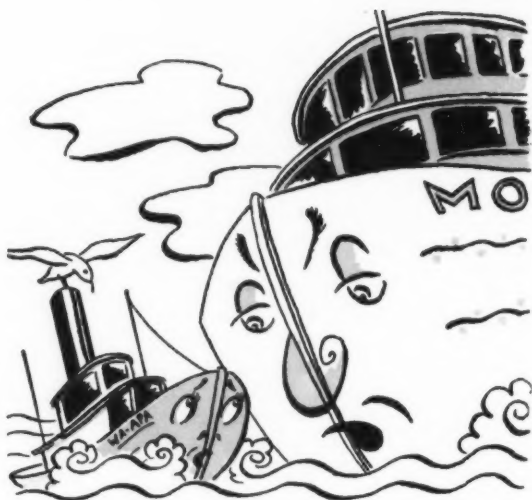
After several days of planning and working they sent jars and jars of this delicious relish to the Junior Red Cross office with the request that it be sent to an agency for Thanksgiving. It was sent to the County Home because there was enough for every person there to have a generous serving.

—From "The Emblem" for December 1949

Jefferson County Chapter
Birmingham, Alabama

Wa-Apa's BIG JOB

A story by MAX KEITH, written
specially for little folks—all about
monkey business!



WA-APA WAS a little Hawaiian boat who could not get a job. He was a sturdy and courageous fellow. His motors sang when he raced them. Wa-Apa could carry a big cargo—for his size—but he was so small no one would give him a job.

Wa-Apa sat in the water beside the Honolulu pier reading a newspaper.

Tired-Sea-Gull sat sunning himself at the top of Wa-Apa's long black smokestack.

"I see by the *Cargo Clarion*," Wa-Apa said to Tired-Sea-Gull, "that Big Hurricane has broken loose again. He has been puffing and blowing and wrecking ships all week."

Tired-Sea-Gull cocked his head, opened his *left* eye and said in his tired voice, "You don't . . . say soo-oo!" Then he closed his eye quick.

"I wish I had a cargo to carry," Wa-Apa said, shaking his little fist. "I would show Big Hurricane a thing or two!"

Tired-Sea-Gull cocked his head, opened his *right* eye and said, "You don't . . . say soo-oo!" Then he closed his eye quick.

A great big ship sailed into the harbor.

"Here comes my friend Moku, the ship!" Wa-Apa said. "He will know all about Big Hurricane."

To welcome his friend Moku, the ship, Wa-Apa tooted his little boat whistle twice—

"TOO-OO-OOT! TOO-OOT!"

Moku, the ship, answered with his deep bass ship whistle,

"HOO-OO-OO-OO-OO-OOP!"

"Something must be wrong with Moku," Wa-Apa said. "His voice is four times deeper than usual."

Moku sailed up to the pier. He was coughing and wheezing.

"What is wrong with you, Moku?" Wa-Apa asked.

"I had a terrible fight with Big Hurricane, on this voyage from the Philippines," Moku answered.

"Of course, I won the fight and drove him south, but I caught a cold

from sailing in a draft." Moku blew his nose and looked at Wa-Apa.

"Wa-Apa," he said in his deep bass voice, "Haven't you found a job, YET?"

"No, my hold is too small and the cargoes are too large."

"Then perhaps you can help me, Wa-Apa," Moku said. "I am taking 1000 monkeys to a California zoo. The school children are going to visit the zoo on Monday. These monkeys **MUST BE DELIVERED BY THEN!**"

"You will have plenty of time," Wa-Apa said.

Moku coughed into his big white handkerchief. "I must rest for a few days," he said. "My cold is getting worse. Can you deliver the 1000 monkeys, Wa-Apa?"

"That is a lot of monkeys for a boat my size, but I know I can do it!"

"Very well then, you have a job," Moku answered. "In order to get them to the zoo by Monday, you must sail in **ONE HOUR FROM NOW!** If you are **ONE MINUTE LATE**, I will have to go myself.

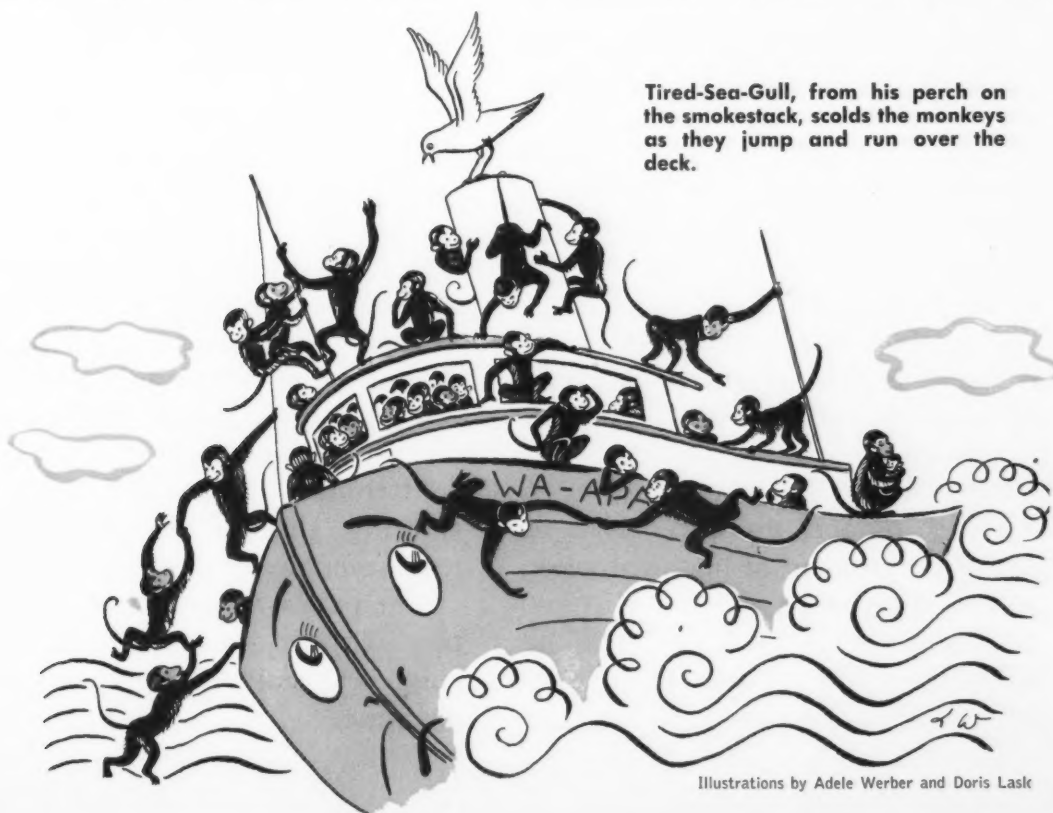
"I can sail in one hour," Wa-Apa said joyfully. "All I have to do is buy oil for my motors."

Wa-Apa ran down to the biggest store in Honolulu and bought a can of oil for his motors.

"I think while I am here," he said, "I will buy a delicious treat for the monkeys. After all it is because of them that I have a job at last."

Wa-Apa bought one basket of peanuts, two baskets of popcorn, and three baskets of bananas for the monkeys, then hurried to the pier.

Wa-Apa bought a red and pink lei of carnation flowers from an old



Tired-Sea-Gull, from his perch on the smokestack, scolds the monkeys as they jump and run over the deck.

Hawaiian *lei*-seller. This was to hang around his bow as all well-dressed boats wear *leis* when they sail from Hawaii.

Moku, the ship, was impatiently waiting for Wa-Apa.

"Wa-Apa," he said, "you have only 30 minutes before time to sail. You'd better hurry!"

"Give me the monkeys," the excited Wa-Apa answered. Then he opened his hatch and packed his hold full of monkeys.

Wa-Apa turned around in the channel and waved good-bye to Moku. Moku started to wave back—then he screamed to Wa-Apa, as loud as he could, "WA-APA! THE MONKEYS ARE LOOSE!"

Wa-Apa looked at his hatch. It was open. The thousand monkeys had jumped out and were running around Wa-Apa's deck. He had forgotten to fasten his hatch.

There were brown monkeys, white monkeys, red monkeys, and monkeys with long, curly tails.

"Wa-Apa!" Moku shouted from the pier, "you only have 5 minutes until time for you to sail! If you are one minute late I must deliver the monkeys myself!"

"I cannot possibly catch these monkeys in 5 minutes!" the unhappy Wa-Apa wailed, "I WILL LOSE MY JOB!"

Tired-Sea-Gull opened *both* eyes. His tail flipped up and his eyes nearly popped out of his head when he saw the monkeys.

"AWK! WHAT A MESS!" he said. Then he closed both eyes and hid his head under his wing.

Suddenly Wa-Apa had a bright idea. He took the delicious treat he had bought for the monkeys, opened his hatch, and poured the peanuts, popcorn, and bananas into his hold.

"COME AND GET IT!" he shouted to the monkeys.

The monkeys made a dash for the delicious treat.

Zoom! Zoom! Zoom! Into Wa-Apa's hold the monkeys zoomed.

Wa-Apa slammed down his hatch and locked it tight.

"JUST ONE MINUTE LEFT!" Moku shrieked from the pier.



Wa-Apa put the long red carnation lei around his bow.

"The monkeys are locked up and I am ready to sail," Wa-Apa cried.

Then Wa-Apa put the long pink and red carnation *lei* around his bow. He took out his pocket mirror and gave a quick look.

"I think I look pretty good, considering the trouble I had with these monkeys," he said.

Then Wa-Apa tooted his little boat whistle good-bye to Moku, the ship. He sailed out to sea exactly on time.



WE SERVE THE CHAPTER—Junior Red Cross members of Power School, Jackson, Miss. (Hinds County Chapter), lend many helping hands to pack supplies for the senior fund campaign.

SPRING IS HERE

March, March—hear the March wind blow!
The trees are swinging high and low.
The birds are singing their beautiful songs,
They'll be singing the whole spring long.
Soon the little frogs will be out peeping,
And through the grass they'll be leaping.
The little birds will be flying alone,
The next thing they know—spring is gone!

—EDITH MAE COLEMAN
Midlothian School
Chester, Va.

BUYING A HOUND

One day I was walking downtown,
Looking for a hound.
I gazed upon a sign
Which read, "We do not whine."
Inside the store a salesman stood,
Hoping to sell what he could.
My eye fell upon a hound
He weighed only 3 pounds,
But he was what my heart desired—
Now he is my joy and pride.

—JAMES BENTLEY
Midlothian School
Chester, Va.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

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The American National Red Cross
LIVINGSTON L. BLAIR Vice President
for Junior Red Cross and Educational Relations,
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